

Burglar Bill

AND OTHER PIECES.

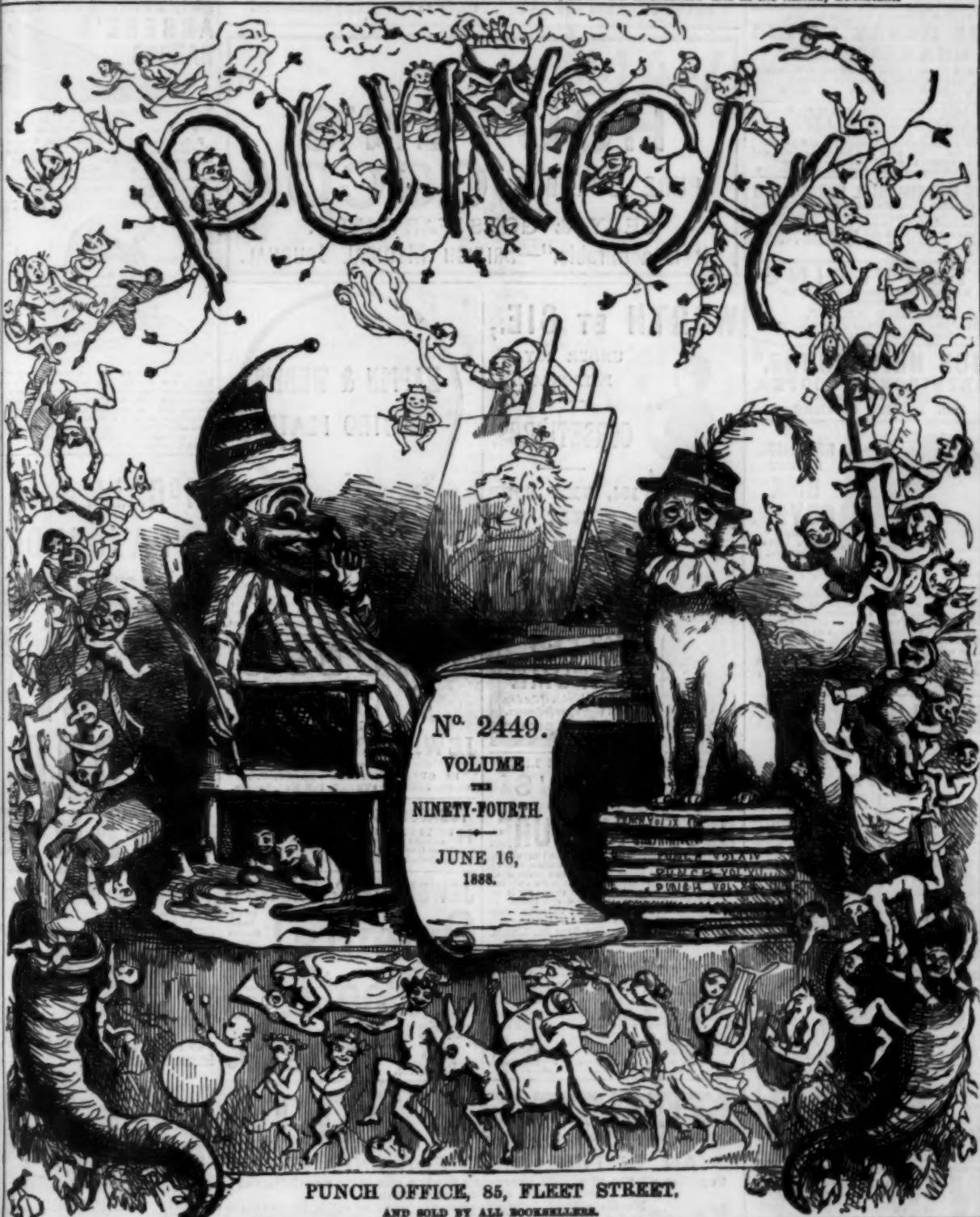
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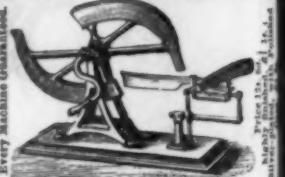
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SCENE—Scotland Yard. Prominent Member of the *Clan-na-Gael* Conspiracy gang discovered interviewing Chief of Detective Department.

Prominent Member. The top o' the mornin' to ye, Muster Inspector. Shure now ye didn't expect to see me at all?

Chief of Department. On the contrary, Mr. O'BLAZER, I was advised of your visit.

Prominent Member. Ah! there now! Shure, ye know everythin'? Maybe, now, ye've got hold of my little programme?

Chief of Department. Yes, I think I can give it you. (Takes paper from pigeon-hole.) You were to blow up the Mansion House yesterday, the Clock Tower to-day, Buckingham Palace to-morrow, and the Bank the day after. That is correct, I think?

Prominent Member. Bedad, Sorr, it is. But with your four fellows a stickin' to me like leeches wherever I go, it's devil a bit of it I can carry out, anyway. Ah! well, ye won't be knowing, I guess, what I've got in this little bag here (producing black hand-bag), and what I'm meaning to do with it?

Chief of Department. Yes, that bag contains three pounds and a half of dynamite, and you have brought it here with the intention of blowing up these premises. I think perhaps, under the circumstances, it will be safer in my keeping. (Takes it.)

Prominent Member. Well, there now! Shure ye baffle me altoirely. There seems just nothing for me to do but to be getting home again.

Chief of Department. I think, perhaps, that is about the best thing you can do. We'll undertake to see you safe on board.

Prominent Member. Ah! well, there, now, I'm very much oblieged to ye. Good mornin', Sorr!

[Takes his leave, and is seen safe on board for New York, where he arrives in due course, to "report progress."]

APPROPRIATE.—Dr. FLEMING is said to have succeeded in curing roaring in horses. When he visits the Irish Exhibition, the Band have arranged to salute him with the air of "*Rory-no-More*."

STRANGE CASE OF MERRIMANIA—COMPLETE CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As Merrimania is nowadays not an uncommon ailment, I think you will be interested to learn how I completely escaped from it. My Doctor, on my last visit to him, found that I was in the highest possible spirits—I laughed, made jokes, I was full of amusing stories. He shook his head, and recommended an immediate course of Exhibitions.

"I do not advise you to visit the Picture Galleries," he said, as he felt my pulse, "as that would be almost too strong a remedy. The sudden transition from great gaiety to the depths of melancholy, which would assuredly follow, would be injurious. I think you might safely try a little of the waste land at Earl's Court, mixed with a weak solution of Olympia, and the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall. But, before following this prescription, I would suggest you should prepare yourself by attending an evening *fête* at the Flower Market at Covent Garden. It will give you strength to bear your subsequent treatment."

To hear was to obey; and that very night I found myself in the midst of thousands and thousands of the loveliest flowers—lilies, geraniums, roses, and pansies. On its merits, an extremely pretty sight.

The next morning, in higher spirits than ever, I visited the Italian Exhibition. I am happy to say that the depressingly long passage from the railway platform to the entrance, the immense gallery to the ex-happy hunting-ground of Buffalo BILL, and the considerable walk through the building before I could get to the Concert Hall and Theatre, did me a world of good. As I passed under seemingly endless arches of artificial vines, I became duller and duller, and felt my face growing longer with every step. Some of the exhibits, too, had a decidedly sobering effect, especially those of British manufacture. I passed through a marquee wherein some Minstrels in the costume of Neapolitan fishermen, were giving rather a humorous entertainment, and entered the saloon devoted to a "wonderful performance" of "FRATELLI PRANDI's celebrated Italian Burattini, or Marionettes." There was a stage, with a proscenium suggestive of "the Theatre Royal Back Drawing Room," and a full-sized orchestra. The *lever du rideau* was "a gorgeous representation taken from the Scriptures," called *The Universal Deluge*. It went with roars of laughter from the "great procession of animals" down to the final tableau depicting "the flight of the unfortunate victims, the raging of the exterminating waters, and the roar and crash of the thunder," which again (to quote the programme) "proved a truly marvellous scene." Some of the animals were rather feeble about the legs, and many of the unfortunate victims preferred waltzing in the exterminating waters with greater vigour than grace, to attempting to escape. However, as a whole, the performance was fairly amusing, although I have my doubts whether it would quite suit the Polytechnic, even in these days, when that once popular institution is given over to the rulers of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The "Magnificent Historico-Allegorical Fantastic Ballet, in fourteen scenes, entitled *Excalibur*" was not so entertaining. It was long, and (after the novelty of watching the puppets had passed off) wearisome. However, it suggested to me that some of our pieces relying more upon music, scenery, and *mise en scène* than on dialogue, might be played with advantage by Marionettes. For instance, I should like to see *The Mikado* dealt with in this way at Earl's Court. *The Pompadour* too, so full of interest to the antiquarian, would lend itself admirably to this treatment; and again *Masks and Faces*, with its graceful *garçons* (invented by Mr. D'AURAN) could be included in the *répertoire*. Possibly, in the cause of Art, Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE and Mrs. BERNARD BEEBE might be induced to lend their valuable assistance in carrying out this really excellent proposal.

It appears from Mr. SIMS's expression of hearty approbation which is printed on the programme, that the eminent melodramatist thinks that these Marionettes "will draw all London." Of course he will give up WILSON BARRATT, and one of his melodramas would be just the very thing for the Puppets.

Thoroughly depressed by the "Burattini," I left the Italian Exhibition and asked for a railway ticket to South Kensington. "If you wish to go to the Anglo-Danish," said the clerk, "you won't get in. I may tell you, Sir, that it is closed because it is being reserved to-day for the female Freemasons who are taking tea with the Royal Family."

Warned in time, I asked for a ticket for *The Irish Olympia*, and completed my cure. Whatever the Exhibition may be in its future, it is at this present moment a most melancholy spot. The grounds are a mass of brick and mortar, which are gradually assuming the appearance of completed houses and artificial ruins; the exhibits, with the exception of some bottles of whiskey, are spiritless. The music of the Connaught Regiment and the Inniskilling Fusiliers is not wildly rollicksome. Ten minutes of Olympia reduced me to tears, and I felt that my doctor's experiment had been successful.

Yours weepingly, A WISER AND A SADDER MAN.



THE MODERN VENUS ATTIRED BY THE THREE DIS-GRACES.

Casters' Comments.

First Coster. 'Oo was it as married—the Royal Germans, I mean—a couple of weeks ago?

Second Ditto. Don'tcherno? Why, it was Prince 'ENRY, son of the Empress, spliced to the Princess HIREEN.

NUDA VERITAS.—How cold a Non-betting Man must be! He never "has anything on"!

IMPERIAL IMPROVEMENT.—There seems to have been better and more hopeful news from Germany lately. The only question now seems to be about The Diet and the Constitution. Surely Sir MORELL MACKENZIE's advice will be sufficient on these two important points.

"I LOVE old churches," said Mrs. RAM. "Such curious figures outside, and then the quaint gargles with the open mouths used for rain water."

THE MAGISTRATE'S SONG.

THE cases were over, the Magistrate rose,
Quite glad to be able to beat a retreat;
He held his handkerchief up to his nose,
For the Dalston Court-house was not very sweet.

And he sat him down in his private room;
But suddenly leaped again to his feet
With a scream that made the Reporters stare
And the Clerk jump up from his seat.

The Solicitor paused in extracting his fee;
His Client slipped out of the way;
The "Drunks and Disorderlies" sniggered and grinned,
And thought 'twas a curious "lay."

Then the Magistrate said, "I have known many Courts,
But never until to-day
Have I seen a judicial *sanctum* filled
With—well, with creatures of prey!"

ITALIANO IN KENSINGTONIO.

Suggestion for Improvements (by an Occasional Correspondent).—There ought to be such a tramway as there is on a long pier, to convey passengers at a halfpenny apiece from the District Railway Station to the top of the steps of the Italian Exhibition and back. As it is—it is a weary walk. An enterprising individual might make a fortune here with a tramway or bath-chairs, or atmospheric or electric rail. I went to see a rehearsal of PRANDI's Marionettes on Tuesday, by special invitation. But though my visit was post-prandial, we were too soon for Signor PRANDI, who was hard at work erecting the Marionette Theatre. "Could I interview the puppets?" I asked, not relishing having come there for nothing. There was some hesitation; a consultation between Signor PRANDI and two assistants, and then a courteous official informed me with a bashful air, as though admitting me to a delicate confidence, that he was "afraid I couldn't see any of the puppets to-day, as they were all undressed." Not for worlds would I intrude, I replied, and, having promised to come another day, I retired.

THE *World*, in an article entitled "The Rhapsody of Rapping," asks some pertinent questions, to which answers should be given by the individuals who are mentioned by name in Mrs. HOMME's book about her husband, as witnesses of the marvellous manifestations on which his spiritualistic reputation was founded. These answers will be deeply interesting to all who either have not made up their minds long ago on the subject, or are Home-sick of the whole thing.

JOHN BRIGHT.

(AIR—"John Brown.")

We are glad you're on the mend,
For you're everybody's friend,
And the troops of your admirers still
increase. JOHN BRIGHT!

You've a fashion of your own,
Which the English race has grown
To bear with even when it does not please,
JOHN BRIGHT!

So when you're well once more,
A congratulatory roar
Will sound from every section of the State,
JOHN BRIGHT!

And each will brim his glass
To a patriot first-class,
Who's as sturdy in his love as in his hate,
JOHN BRIGHT!

Sober Britons fly "like birds"
To listen to your words
Of fiery force, of stately sound and sweet,
JOHN BRIGHT!

And they love your common sense,
And your hatred of pretence,
And fashionable fawning and deceit,
JOHN BRIGHT!

ROYAL PARKS AND PLEASURE GARDENS.

A PROPOS of the first illustration of the Pleasures of a Pleasure Horse in London, which appeared in last week's number, several Correspondents wish to know—

First. If gravel is very expensive, because the Authorities in charge of the Park are very sparing in the use of it in those most dangerously slippery places, the Park Gate entrances.

Secondly. Who are "the Authorities" who have the management of the Parks and of Kensington Gardens? Is it the First Commissioner, the Hon. DAVID ROBERT PLUNKET with "GREEN RANGER" of St. James's, Green and Hyde Parks, with the Police Commissioners?

Thirdly. Can't the Hon. D. R. PLUNKET find, somewhere pigeon-holed away in his office, plans for rides through Kensington Gardens, under shady trees, as in the *Bois de Boulogne*? And if he can't, cannot "the Dook" find them in his office of Ranger? If any difficulty, refer to former intelligent officials, Mr. SH-W L-F-VRE and B-RTE M-TF-ED.

Fourthly. What has become of the tan-ride

right round Regent's Park? Who "ranges" Regent's Park? Apparently no one, at present, except Rougas.

Fifthly. (For Sir Charles Warren.) Have such Policemen as are stationed at the corners of thoroughfares close to Park Gates, received strict orders that, on the appearance of anyone on horseback,—attempting to cross the road in order to enter the Park,—they are at once to occupy themselves in cracking jokes with a casual acquaintance, or in cracking nuts, or to become apparently absorbed in the deepest contemplation of nothing in particular until the perplexed equestrian shall have arrived at the haven where he would be, or somewhere else where he wouldn't be? R. S. V. P.

DURING the stifling heat of real summer weather a fresh representative of Ayr, or a representative of fresh Ayr would be indeed welcome in the House of Commons.

IN Kent an immense destruction of nut and apple crops has been caused by maggots, "owing to the wholesale slaughter of sparrows which has been carried on in the district." In future, perhaps, farmers will not grudge the sparrow his grub.



"SLIGHTLY MIXED."

Mistress (to Maid, who has just received a Month's Notice). "I WOULD RATHER NOT GIVE YOU A CHARACTER AT ALL. BUT IF YOU INSIST UPON IT, OF COURSE I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU."

Maid. "AND IF YOU DO, MA'AM, I SHALL SUITABLY BRING AN ACTION FOR DEFAMATION O' CHARACTER!"

MUSIC OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SANTLEY is back again, fresher than ever. He came out strong at Mr. CUSINS's Concert on Thursday last. SARAHATE was in great form. "Always thought he was a female violinist," said Mrs. RAM, "but I suppose I was thinking of SARAH BERNHARDT. Yet why call himself SARAH SARTY? So misleading." SARAH SARTY, on the violin, and CUSINS, on piano, played together. "Mind your p's and Q's-in-a," said SARAH, and the pianist did so; at least he would have minded his "p's" and "Q's" if the key-board of the grand piano had included them. PIATTI was so carried away by his own performance that, though twice recalled to himself by a thoughtful and appreciative audience, he each time forgot to take his instrument with him. Mrs. KENDAL recited, and everyone was glad to re-sight Mrs. KENDAL. The duet between NORDICA and SARAH SARTY, who obligingly with the violin, while Madame sang "*Jours de mon enfance*," was a big treat. Even our Cusins-German couldn't have given a better concert than the CUSINS-English. More power to his elbow! On second thoughts, no—as pianist, he has quite power enough already. Why wasn't he in the last be-Knighted batch of musicians? Sir Organist of St. Paul's will henceforth be known as the "Organ Swell." So much for the Music of the Past, now for the—

"MUSIC OF THE FUTURE." It is a very near future, for it is tonight, one of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* at the Albert Hall with—well, read the programme and do what you like. Even SIMS BEEVES is announced! "One can call spirits from the vasty deep, but," &c.—ahem!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 4.—HARCOURT appeared to-night in favourite character of Uncle Pumblechook. *Pip*, for this time only (first appearance on Westminster Stage), EVANS, the elect of Southampton. *HARCOURT* proposed to bring him up—literally "by hand," as *Pip* was brought up in the *Gargery* household. What he had to do in the matter not quite clear. HERBERT GARDNER, who escorted EVANS on other side, right enough. Before EVANS was returned, he was the only Liberal Member in the Home Counties. *HARCOURT* sits for Derby; rather remote from Southampton. Never saw EVANS till he met him on return from America, and hailed him Member for Southampton. No more to do with his good fortune than Mr. Pumblechook had with *Pip's*. But, all the same, insists upon effusively welcoming him.

To-night stands at Bar, half a foot in advance of new Member, softly stroking chin, and smiling to himself, awaiting moment of triumph when SPEAKER shall call on new Member to advance to Table. All described long ago, as far back as when *Great Expectations* was written. No need of Cryptogram. Read straight forward.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking *Pip* by both hands, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved. Well deserved. To think that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this is a proud reward. But, my dear young friend, you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a Chicken, had round from the Boar. Here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I see before me him as I have sported with in times of happy infancy, and may I?"

And *HARCOURT* does; shakes hands with the blushing EVANS, and then strides up floor of House amid thunderous cheers of Liberals; EVANS always half a pace behind, *HARCOURT*, bowing gracefully, face flushed, and pleased smile as resounding plaudits rise.

"Pon my soul," said GORE, looking on with undisguised admiration, "I do believe *HARCOURT* thinks it was he that won Southampton. Shouldn't wonder to see him take the oath and go up to be introduced to SPEAKER."



Uncle Pumblechook.

Stopped short of that. Just remembered EVANS when brought up by table. After half a moment's hesitation reluctantly wheeled to the right and resumed seat on Front Bench. Then House had opportunity of seeing new Member, who speedily disappeared in obscurity of back benches.

Business done.—Imperial Defence Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY's tender heart touched by abject depression of House after six hours' debate on what some Members call the Cantonment Acts in India. Thought he would stir them up a bit. He did.

EBRINGTON had Motion on paper ordering copies of certain statements alluded to in course of proceedings before Select Committees

on admission of Strangers. An innocent-looking proposal. EBRINGTON a harmless person. More unpromising material for uproarious scene never agglomerated. Apparent impossibility of getting up a row irresistible attraction for TIM. Noted that EBRINGTON was not in his place.

"Where is the noble Lord?" TIM thundered.

Nobody knew; but the very way of asking question suggested suspicion of guilt. Members below the Gangway began to cheer. TIM swelled visibly in majesty of wrath. Who, then, had moved the Resolution?

"Please, Sir, I did," piped STUART WORTLEY in trembling voice; "but I'll never do it again."

"Moved from Treasury Bench!" cried TIM, with scornful sweep of extended hand. "Ha! ha!" And all the Irish Members cried. "Ha! ha!" and CONNEMARA said. "Ho! ho!" Old Morality moved anxiously in his place; made ghastly attempts to smile. TIM's eye accidentally fell on ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Occurred to him ATTORNEY-GENERAL is retained in forth-

coming libel action, "O'DONNELL against Times." Putting this and that together, EBRINGTON away, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in his place, the Maos on the table, yesterday being Monday and to-day Tuesday, what could be clearer? A plot! a wicked plot to defame the character of Irish Members. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL was artfully using the House of Commons and hoodwinking that child of nature, Viscount EBRINGTON, in order to obtain evidence on behalf of his employers in the libel case.

"Could anything be clearer?" TIM asked, winking at JOSEPH GILLIS, who sat watching him with ecstatic admiration; and all Members below Gangway shouted "No!" and Members above Gangway chuckled, and Members on Ministerial Benches stared, not understanding the matter a bit, half fearing there was something in it. Prettiest sight of all, face of ATTORNEY-GENERAL; in rapid changes indignant, scornful, angry, contemptuous, perturbed, and, finally, unsuccessfully assuming feeble imitation of that far-away look DIZZY used to put on when Big Ben clumsily girded at him. A most excellent piece of fooling, lifting TIM HEALY at a bound to first rank of comedians.

Business done.—C. D. Acts in India condemned. TIM HEALY takes a rise out of ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Thursday.—LORD-ADVOCATE beginning to think life not worth living. As he says, "Life would be endurable only for its Scotch Members." They have illogical and indefensible idea that LORD-ADVOCATE is representative of Scotch Government; that when they want information on particular points, or have suggestions to offer, they may address him. That, of course, all nonsense. On Monday not less than five Scots-wha-hae combined to put down questions addressed to LORD-ADVOCATE. He just stopped away till questions had been reached second time, then coolly turned up and answered them all together.

To-night HUNTER, following on trail, put a wordy question. Seeing that so-and-so was so-and-so, and that if so-and-so did not happen, something might occur, would the LORD-ADVOCATE see his way to do so-and-so?

"No, Sir," growled the LORD-ADVOCATE, half rising from the bench. Ribald Conservatives laughed at this snub. HUNTER sat for a moment gasping for breath. Scots gallantly massed themselves behind him, pushed him forward into front again. HUNTER repeated question at greater length, with added solemnity. Resumed his seat. All eyes turned on LORD-ADVOCATE. Said never a word.

Presently got up and strolled out, presenting his most familiar aspect to Scotch Members.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, as we talked the matter over later, "if these Scotch fellows are going to begin to put questions to me there must be a Parliamentary Under Secretary for Scotland. Ireland can't have everything."

Neglected Wales treats itself to rare luxury of moving adjournment. Discusses Police outrages. T. ELLIOTT triumphantly shows that Wales not so far behind Ireland, after all. Motion to go into Committee on Local Government Bill at last. Debate turns on reform of parish vestries. STEVENSON wants it dealt with in Bill. Supported by GLADSTONE, and, starting reunion—CHAMBERLAIN!

"Don't like look of this," said Old Morality to PLUNKET. "Dripping water wears away the stone."

"Not very serious, after all, on Division," said First Commissioner. "Remember what Lord DUDLEY said of CANNING's Party in 1813? 'They dined fourteen and voted twelve.' Well, CHAMBERLAIN's Party in House can seat seven at high tea and vote five. We should manage to survive that."

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

The Lord Advocate's attitude towards Scotch Members.

Friday.—Spent a cheerful morning sitting in Committee on Local Government Bill; pegging away for four hours, got through eighteen lines; Bill contains 4,360; GOSCHEN, making himself intensely disagreeable, going about Committee with conundrum: "If it takes four hours to pass eighteen lines, how many days will it take to pass 4,360?"

"No joke this!" RITCHIE says. But JOACHIM says he's given up joking. This a simple rule in arithmetic. So leave him to do it.

Business done.—Got under weigh with Local Government Bill.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday Night, June 4.—Grand performance of *L'Africaine* with splendid cast. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES and Princesses present punctually, and the house a brilliant one. Madame NORDICA as *Selika*, and M. LASSALLE as *Nelusko*, decidedly "off colour," as they don't make these two characters anything like as black as they were originally painted. Both *Selika* and *Nelusko* ought to be "kept dark." The contrast between *Selika* and the fair *Ines* is impaired by this want of mahogany dye, and much of the dramatic force of *Selika*'s performance is lost.

The two DE RESZKE play and sing like the thorough artists they are. Yet opera heavy, and what ought always to be a starter—the orchestral gymnastic performance with which the Last Act opens—takes nobody's breath away, and is not encored. Disappointment. The savages boarding the ship aren't half savage enough. Merely colourable imitations of savages.

That "artless thing," Miss MCINTYRE, more artless than ever. Called before the curtain, she comes on looking utterly surprised, as much as to say, "What on earth do you send for me for?" Losses her way, nearly walks over the footlights on to Signor MANCINELLA's head, but is prevented from taking this dangerous step by Madame NORDICA, who hands her over to the care of JEAN DE RESZKE, who in his turn conveys her to the o.r. side, and sees her safely off.

Entr'acte too long. I retire, humming the first bars of "*The Minstrel Boy*," which had somehow got into MEYERBEER's head when he composed the music of *L'Africaine*.

Tuesday.—*La Traviata*, with ALBANI, instead of ELLA RUSSELL, as the heroine. ALBANI, heart-breaking; ELLA, chair-breaking. As the fair and frail *Violetta*, ALBANI looks fraiser than ELLA. In excellent voice. Encore and bouquets: former declined, latter accepted. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Alfredo* the Little. D'ANDRADE, as *Papa Germont*, reminding me of that other heavy father in *Mignon*, with the telling ballad. First cousins, musically and dramatically, I should say. If *Traviata* were played, as it ought to be, in modern costume, what a chance there would be among the principals and chorus for "making up" after Society's celebrities! "*Mr. Alfredo*" is a suggestion in itself likely to prove a great attraction. In the lobby I meet the popular proprietor of the largest

circulation in the world. "Just up from my little place, Hall Barn," he says; "always come up from Hall Barn to hear Hall-Barni." A propos of HALL, I have only seen the HALL of the Opera once this season. He is depressed by the absence of MR. GLADSTONE, who used to come so frequently to the Opera, and is not reassured by the Conservative tone of the Organising Committee. He only consoles himself by reflecting that the Opera is under the Liberal Management of DRURIOLANUS. Still he is not happy, and wears his *Gardenia Gladstonia* with a deference.

Wednesday.—Crowded house. DE RESZKE Bros., as *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, summoned by enthusiastic audience at finish of Act I. Nothing de risky about the DE RESZKE, the two Poles—strong poles, too, capable of supporting the Opera. Poles together, yet Poles asunder in their voices. Madame NORDICA received with vociferous applause; is encored also vociferously in that gem, "*The Jewel Song*," but declines with thanks. After that sweet thing in duets, "*Dammi ancor*," everybody exclaims "ancor," but remembering the presence of ladies, omits the first word, which does sound strong, even in Italian. At end of Third Act NORDICA re-appears, supported by the two Poles—North Pole and South Pole—EDOUARD and JEAN. All three greeted with well deserved ovation. After



Madame Nordica supported by two Poles—not sticks.

enthusiasm, reaction sets in, and Opera drags a bit towards the end. Mdlle. BAUERNMEISTER the Benevolent, good as ever as *Dame Maria*. Altogether, excellent entertainment.

Thursday.—*Don Giovanni* again, with LASSALLE as *The Don*. Different, of course, from TOOLE as *The Don*, but in some respects has the advantage over the latter. TOOLE is rarely now seen in Itoilian Opera, but if he were to appear, *The Don* would be, of course, the very part for him.

The timid MCINTYRE now plays *Elvira*. This *Elvira* is a size or so smaller than the *Don*'s other victim, Madame FÜRCH-MADI, and thinner, though perhaps taller, than the coquettish Zerlina-Arnoldson. This is better than representing the *Don*'s attachments as being "all very fine and large." RAVELLI the Reliable in it, of course, and his song rapturously received.

Friday.—*The Nozze . . .*, which I did not see. I did *Nozze* before.

Saturday.—*Les Huguenots*. House full, no standing room. Chairs at a premium. Exceptionally brilliant cast. *Valentina* would be Madame NORDICA's finest part, vocally and dramatically, were it not for her *Marguerite* and *Carmen*. Must compliment ELLA RUSSELL on her equestrian performance. Can scarcely believe that this Queen of Song, on horseback, is the sprightly *Susanna* of the *Nozze di Figaro*! No doubt of it, and in magnificent voice. A most impressive *Conte di San Bris* is EDOUARD DE RESZKE. EDOUARD is "all there," and there's a good lot of him. A gallant *Raoul* in the Polar Star, JEAN DE RESZKE, shining brightly in the darksome duel scene, and afterwards going through the grand duet, and through the window, triumphantly. SCALCHI first favourite as *Urbano*—"no-no-no-no-no!" *Encore* not taken.—Opera long enough without; but huge basket of flowers, for two, handed up, after Second Act, to be shared by NORDICA and ELLA. The latter got it, and gave NORDICA a rose. Dare say they will share after—the Opera's over. Who sent it? The King of Sw-d-n? Mustn't mention his M-j-sty's name, as he is *Incognito* in the Royal Box, disguised with either the blue ribbon of the Garter or a Masonic scarf round him, enjoying everything immensely, and no doubt going back to supper at the palatial Grand Hotel, where he is naturally more at home than in the cheery little smugger known as Buckingham Palace. Altogether, taking principals, special choruses, and our old friend *Mise-en-scène* (perfect this time), this setting of *Les Huguenots* is well worth repeating.



LONDON IDYLS.

"IN THE GLOAMING, OH, MY DARLING!"

"It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the Parks take the place of drawing-rooms for a large part of the community. . . . Until Masters and Mistresses are willing to provide a reception-room for the 'young men' of their five or six maid-servants, the Parks must be their trysting-ground, and therefore ought to be kept free of rowdyism. Respectable young people of the class to which I allude deserve as much protection from 'gangs of men and women' as do the residents of our terraces."—*Vide "Penguin's" Letter to the "Times," June 6.*

THE RED TAPE TANGLE.

ENSHROWNED at last! Coil-caught, and hempen-shackled,
He who the most tremendous odds has tackled
In open jungle;
Enmeshed, he who defied all open foes,
By lurking enemies who creep and glose,
And blindly bungle!

Brave sight! Poor Leo in a hopeless tangle,
Whilst his foes laugh, and false friends wildly wrangle.
"Tis little wonder
If, folly-hampered when his need is sorest,
The roarings of the Lion through the forest
Resound like thunder.

The forest-king in a rope-tangle shut!
So *Gulliver* was snared in *Lilliput*
By pigmy hordes!
A hundred petty bonds will hold a Titan,
And he whom battle's thunders cannot
frighten
Is tamed by cords.

Out on the fumbling factious who have
framed
The clinging snare by which stout Leo's
shamed!
Anathemas hearty

From patriot lips, stirred to a noble spleen,
Fall on the traitorous votaries of Routine
And thralls of Party.

Oh! for some swift access of Samson-strength
To snap these worse than withes! Then at
length!

Limb-free, stout Leo
Would fiercely face his foes abroad, at home,
And from the courage-quicken'd land would
come

A loud *Laus Deo!*

JAMES'S ABDICATION.

JAMES The First, Etchist, is no longer President of the R.S.B.A. He has retired from the Presidency, and taken with him a following of twenty-three members. These will probably set up a Society, and call themselves "The Unlicensed Whistlers."

We said, a few weeks ago, that the sudden eraze for listening to The Female Whistler seemed ominous for the Male Whistler. Why did JAMES abdicate? The public were indebted to him for novelty in the R.S.B.A. arrangements; also for the "celarium," which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

In the meantime, Mr. WYKE BAYLISS has been elected, vice JAMES abdicated. An abdicated JAMES means the commencement of a line of more or less popular Pretenders. But who is WYKE BAYLISS?

NO INVASION NEXT WEEK! on account of the Military Tournament, with Band and Musical Ride, at the Agricul-toor-al-lural Hall.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

The Faresdropper, by Mr. JAMES PAYN, or, as the Author would say in a second title, "*Paynful Experiences of a J. P.*" The somewhat novel idea of the book is that the writer becomes invisible, visits various places, and overhears of course all sorts of pleasant things about himself. The scene in the club is the best. As an invisible practical joker, Mr. JAMES PAYN occasionally, but consistently conveys the quality of invisibility to some of his jokes. We have his word for it that the jokes are there—as we have the word of our friend who sees a ghost—but we can't see them ourselves. Those we do see are side-splitters. Yours ever,

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MAKING IT HOT FOR THE SWEATERS.—Fashionable West-End Tailors, and Fashionable Furniture Makers are accustomed to pretty heavy charges—which their customers have to pay. But what will these eminent tradesmen have to say to the very heavy charges brought against them in the recent evidence before the Sweating Commission? Unless the revelations are proved false, we shall hear of a change of name from Tottenham Court Road to "Swotting'em Court Road," and the wholesale employers of Sweepers at starvation prices will be known as "The Sweating-borgians."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 16, 1882.



THE RED-TAPE TANGLE.



PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.



No. 227. Arrival of Performing Troupe.



No. 1072. Undefeated Artist went on Painting till his Feet were frozen off.



No. 749 and 745. With Gun. Frightened by False Fire.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 19.—CUMMINGS called, bringing with him his friend MERTON who is in the Wine Trade. He made himself at home at once, and CARRIE and myself were both struck with him immediately, and thoroughly approved of his sentiments. He leaned back in his chair and said, "You must take me as I am," and I replied, "Yes—and you must take us as we are. We're homely people, we are not Swells." He answered, "No, I can see that" and CUMMINGS roared with laughter, but MERTON in a most gentlemanly manner said to CUMMINGS, "I don't think you quite understand me. I intended to convey that our charming Host and Hostess were superior to the follies of fashion, and preferred leading a simple and wholesome life to gadding about to two-penny-halfpenny Tea-drinking afternoons, and living above their incomes." I was immensely pleased with these sensible remarks of MERTON's, and concluded that subject by saying, "No, candidly, Mr. MERTON, we don't go into Society, because, neither of us cares for it; and what with the expense of cabs here and cabs there, and white gloves and white ties, &c., it doesn't seem worth the money."

MERTON said in reference to friends, "My motto is 'Few and True,'" and by the way I also apply that to Wine, "Little and good"; and CUMMINGS said, "Yes, and sometimes 'cheap and tasty, eh? old Man.'" MERTON still continuing, said, "He should treat me as a friend, and put me down for a dozen of his 'Lockanbar' whiskey, and as I was an old friend of CUMMINGS, I should have it for 36s., which was considerably under what he paid for it." He booked his own order, and further said that at any time I wanted any passes for the Theatre, I was to let him know, as his name stood good for any Theatre in London.

April 20.—CARRIE reminded me that as her old school friend ANNIE FULLER (now Mr. JAMES) and her husband had come up from Sutton for a few days, it would look kind to take them to the Theatre, and would I drop a line to Mr. MERTON asking him for passes for four, either for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum. I wrote MERTON to that effect.

April 21.—Got a reply from MERTON saying he was very busy, and just at present couldn't manage passes for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum, but the best thing going on in London was the "Brown Bushes," at the Tank Theatre, Islington, and enclosed seats for four; also bill for whiskey.

April 23.—Mr. and Mrs. JAMES, Miss FULLER that was, came to

meat Tea, and we left directly after for the Tank Theatre. We got a bus that took us to King's Cross, and then changed into one that took us to the "Angel." Mr. JAMES each time insisting on paying for all, saying that I had paid for the tickets and that was quite enough. We arrived at Theatre, where, curiously enough, all our bus load except an old woman with a basket seemed to be going in. I walked ahead and presented the tickets. The man looked at them, and called out "Mr. WILLOWLY! Do you know anything about those?" holding up my tickets. The gentleman called to, came up and examined my tickets, and said, "Who gave you these?" I said rather indignantly, "Mr. MERTON, of course." He said, "MERTON? Who's he?" I answered rather sharply, "You ought to know, his name's good at any theatre in London." He replied, "Oh! is it. Well, it ain't no good here. These tickets which are not dated, were issued under Mr. SWINSTEAD's Management, which has since changed hands." While I was having some very unpleasant words with the man, JAMES, who had gone upstairs with the Ladies, called out, "Come on!" I went up after them, and a very civil attendant said, "This way, please, box H." I said to JAMES, "Why, how on earth did you manage it?" and to my horror he replied, "Why, paid for it of course."

SIX TO THE HALF-DOZEN.

Invasion à la Française.

Monday.—Departure of the Grand Army of the Leicester Square from Paris.

Tuesday.—Destruction of the British Fleet all over the world.

Wednesday.—Bombardment of Folkestone and Margate, and sacking of Pegwell Bay.

Thursday.—Battle of Southend. Hanging of "le traître Monsieur le Lou Moire" in chains.

Friday.—Execution of M. COOK and five hundred of his *voyageurs*, and attack on "Wauxall-Bridg-Rod."

Saturday.—Rejection of terms of agreement proposed by M. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, for entire French Army to open in the autumn in military piece at Drury Lane.

Sunday.—Occupation of London by the French, and end of the British Empire.

Invasion, English style.

Monday.—War declared. Abandonment of Algeria and all her other Colonies by France.

Tuesday.—The French Fleet knocked into a cocked hat everywhere.

Wednesday.—A French Army, that had managed to effect a landing at Hastings, returned (unpaid) by sample post.

Thursday.—Destruction of Marseilles, Versailles, Boulogne, Dieppe, Lyons, and several other important towns, by a regiment of British Militia.

Friday.—Immense success of General BOULANGER (described as "just taken prisoner") in his great song at the Alhambra. The "Marseillaise" cheered to the echo.

Saturday.—Advance of the A.R. Division of Metropolitan Police, and arrest of the entire French Army.

Sunday.—Occupation of Paris by the English, and end of the French nation.

THE BARON DE MANDAT-GRANCY is said to be preparing a new book, to be entitled *The Irish Jaunting Car*, as a sequel to "Shay Paddy."



A NASTY ONE.

Snarley. "I SEE YOU'RE SPENDING A LOT OF MONEY ON THAT LITTLE PLACE OF YOURS IN SURREY!"

Snobley. "YES, I WANT TO MAKE THE PLACE—A—THOROUGHLY FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

Snarley "OH, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN TO LEF IT!"

MOVEMENTS OF MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

From the Cracksman's Circular.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES arrived in London this morning by the 10 A.M. train from Portland, having murdered a warden or two and left early. There were a number of friends to meet him. After making them a short speech, he adjourned with a select few to the Burglar's Arms Hotel, where a *recherché déjeuner* was served. He left in a private Hansom for the residence of a friend *en route* for Paris. During his short stay Mr. WILLIAM SIKES visited the houses of several wealthy merchants in the suburbs, and removed a considerable amount of superfluous silver, gold, and valuable jewellery. The lot will be sold in a few days' time at MELTER Moss's Lost Property Auction, of which due notice will be given in this journal and in the *Police Gazette*.

At the request of his admirers, Mr. WILLIAM sat for his photograph. One specimen copy he subsequently sent by Special Messenger, as a present, to Sir CHARLES WARREN, and another he left personally on the Chief of the Police Intelligence Department, Whitehall. Mr. W. SIKES conversed pleasantly for several minutes with some of the chief constables on duty, and bidding them farewell, drove back to the house of the friend with whom he was staying.

In the evening of next day the first burglary of the season (in this neighbourhood) took place at the house of Mr. SNOBBINGTON, whose gold plate was left out on the side-board on the occasion of the reception given by Mrs. SNOBBINGTON to the Half-Crown Prince of SAXE-HAPENSE. Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, who is a great collector of old jewellery and gold and silver plate, was naturally attracted by the display, and was not contented until he had become the happy possessor of some of the most splendid pieces in the set.

Friday.—A man said to be uncommonly like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES has been arrested, and is now in the custody of the police. The proceedings are necessarily secret.

Saturday.—Another man more like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES than the other has been arrested. The other one has been cautioned and discharged. He promised not to look so like W. SIKES again, and thanked the police for the care they had taken of him.

Sunday.—The man arrested yesterday has been discharged. On being confronted with the photograph it was ascertained that he wasn't like Mr. SIKES at all. He was immediately dismissed with a caution. A wire from Paris brings the intelligence that Mr. W. SIKES was present at the Grand Prix, when several distinguished French gentlemen, residing in the neighbourhood, lost considerable sums of money. Unfortunately the news arrived too late for any member of the Intelligence Department to avail himself of it.

Due notice will be given of Mr. SIKES's return to town.

MRS. RAM went to see one of her little nephews at Eton on the 4th of June. "A pretty sight," she said. "I hope Mr. IRVING was there, as the fireworks quite reminded me of that wonderful scene on the Brocas,—in *Faust*, you know."

AN Honorary Academical distinction was conferred on Mr. J. L. TOOLE as *The Don* last week. He is now a Fellow of—Infinite Humour. *Sunday Times*, please copy.

A VERY "BIG BIG D.—"—The DUKE of MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN (! !)

OUR ONLY EVERYTHING.

"Lord WOLSELEY is evidently delivering a series of Lectures on the Whole Duty of Man."—*Daily News*.

YES, Genius is a Great Gift!
Omniscience has its advantages!

A Man who can lecture on Thrift
In a way which to match one would want
ages;

Party Politics then give a turn,
Wallop negligent Whigs and slate cracked
Tories,

Then tell us we've yet much to learn
About people who toil in our factories:

Who knows all about Man and his faults,
Likewise about Woman and *her* vices,

And makes most tremendous assaults
Upon every one of the Services;

Who knows more about cannon than KRUPP,
And more about tactics than SALISBURY;

Who could make Mr. GLADETON sit up,
And teach Law and politeness to HALS-

BURY;

Who concerning Statistics is pert,
And about Lord GEORGE HAMILTON quiz-

xical;

Who can measure exactly our hurt
From a lack of the training that's physical;

Who knows why we're running to seed,

And what mollycoddling has made us all;

Who's certain 'tis easy indeed

For Germans and French to invade us all;

Who knows—but to tell half he knows

About all things from Mayfair to Media,

Would take us from now to Time's close,

And fill up a whole Cyclopaedia.

He, doubtless, the circle could square,

He could, probably, scull the new

Coracle;

He's a chap who'd make Crichton [despar,

A genuine Pocket (Book) Oracle!

What then? Since perfection pervades

His physical, moral, and mental man,

Since he's the true Jack of All Trades,

A Soldier, a Sage, and a Gentleman,

Our one Only General (that's clear),

Also our one only Particular;

If England in safety would steer,

And JOHN BULL remain perpendicular,

There is only one thing we've to do—

Perch him on pre-eminence lonely,

Dictator! We can't go askew

If we'll only be ruled by The Only!

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 3.



THE COMMONS CRICKET MATCH.

HANSOM IS.—Quite sure of success will be "The Shrewsbury and Talbot Cab and Noiseless Tyre Company"—so the *World* gives the short title—in opposition to the old "Noisy Tyre-some," rattling, shaky Hansoms of the past, and of the present too, for the matter of that. But where are the neat little brougham cabs? the *voitures*? and the roomier double brougham, to hold four comfortably? There are a very few of those about, but, if well horsed, they are far more useful for Londoners generally, nine months out of the twelve, than the best Hansom ever could be. *Happy Thought.*—If the new Hansoms come out as very "Swagger" vehicles, they should be known as "*The Noiseless Tyre-and-Side-on Cabs.*"

"SORRY May's passed," said Mrs. RAM. "No more plumber's eggs at dinner."

"THE TEACHERS' GUILD."—There is a suggestion in this title of a Golden Age of Literature. Last week this incorporated Society held a satisfactory meeting. Among the speakers was Sir P. MAGNUS, whose name no student of DICKENS can ever come across without being reminded of his Pickwickian relation, the "Peter Magnus," who so amused his friends by signing his letters to them "AFTERNOON." Sir P. M., however, did not amuse his friends on this occasion, but he interested them.

Mrs. RAM's Nephew read out from *Truth*:—A flutter has been caused at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, by the falling-in of the Rectory of Bletchington, Surrey."—"Good gracious!" exclaimed his Aunt, "I do hope no one was indoors at the time! Was anybody hurt?"

LOST TO SIGHT.

COME like shadows, so depart. The shady characters of *Ariane* went first, and then their caricatures followed after them. The



" Small by degrees and beautifully less."

Stranded.

injured ghosts claimed them, but apparently there was no sort of reason for their sudden departure from the Strand, which was witnessed by crowds of hearty sympathisers, who, all of them, took one last fond look at Miss ATHERTON as MARCUS seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Though lost to sight to memory dear, and certainly a better company for this kind of skit does not exist in London. The Company might be known as "The London Skittish."

VOCES POPULI. (AT A WEDDING.)

SCENE—Interior of Church. Wedding Guests arriving, and exchanging any recognitions as they settle down in their places. Bridesmaids, in various states of self-consciousness, collected at door. Loud and sustained buzz of feminine whispering.

Policeman, on guard at another door (to people with a mania for seeing complete strangers married). Very sorry, ladies, but if you're not provided with tickets, I can't let you in.

The People with a mania, &c. But this is a public place, isn't it?

Policeman (not feeling competent to argue the point). Those are my orders. [The People, &c., depart disconsolate.

Verger (to Guests with pink tickets). Any of those seats there.

"Pink" Guests (attempting to pass a crimson rope which bars the central passage). We want to be near the altar—we can't see here!

Verger (in a superior manner). The higher seats are set apart for parties with white tickets.

"Pink" Guests (to one another, indignantly). And after we'd sent that girl a salad-bowl, too! [They employ themselves in picking out "White" Guests who ought properly to have been "Pink," remark that it is the most shamefully managed Wedding they ever saw, and recuse bitterly at intervals to the salad-bowl.

Mrs. Ripplebrook (who always comes early "to see the people"). Oh, there'll be a tremendous crush, of course—they know everybody. Look, the Dr LACY VESPES have just come in—what a pity it is that eldest girl has such a red nose—she'd be quite good-looking without it! . . . There's NARCISSUS RUNDERCHED, you see him everywhere. (Boos and smiles at him effusively.) Horrid creature! And how fat he's getting! Do you know who that is? That's Miss MABEL MAYOUR, of the "Proscenium," you know,—looks ever so much older by daylight, doesn't she? I suppose she's not one of the bride's friends! By the way, have you ever met him—this Pilbergilt man, the bridegroom, I mean? Oh, my dear, a perfect horror! Ten years older than she is, and one hears such stories about him! In fact, it was only his money that—but her people were delighted, of course. Ah, she's coming now; look how the bridesmaids are all "preening" themselves! That's the bridegroom—doesn't he look yellow?

Best Man (in a whisper to Bridegroom). Pull yourself together, old chappie, you are looking so chippy!

Bridegroom I feel chippy, too. Fact is, those farewell suppers are a mistake—I'll never give another.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Now the choir are going down to meet them. Don't you wish they'd invent a new hymn for weddings? I'm so tired of that "Eden" one. There she is. I always think this is such a solemn moment, don't you? Can you see whether it's silk or suede gloves the bridesmaids are wearing? That's her father, whose arm she's on. They say he disapproves, but he doesn't count. Her mother's behind, with the hook nose; why on earth she should cry, I don't know—it's all her doing! She makes a pale bride, doesn't she? But white duchesse satin would be trying even to a beauty. I hear she threw over poor young OLDSLOVE most shamefully. Why does that tiresome old Bishop mumble so? I can't hear a word.

Housemaid, belonging to Bride's family (to Nurse). I wonder at that LOUISE JANE taking on herself to cry, when she only came to-day fortnight! Now you and me have got some claim to cry.

The Nurse (softly). Them kitchen-maids can't be expected to know their place, or what's required of them!

IN THE VESTRY.

General congratulations, compliments, kisses, and signatures. Bridegroom (to Best Man). I say, dear boy, I look to you to square all these Johnnies, you know. [Which is his irreverent mode of designating the Bishop and his assistant clergymen.

IN CHURCH, DURING THE INTERVAL.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Very daring of them to be married in May, isn't it? I knew a girl who was married in May once—and the very first time they gave a dinner-party, her cook came up drunk soon after the salmon, and gave her warning before everybody! dreadful, wasn't it? I suppose you'll go on to the house and see the presents? Do—I'm going. Oh, you've seen mine? It is handsome, isn't it? I was going to get her quite an ordinary one at the Stores—but that was when I thought she was only going to be Mrs. OLDSLOVE. Ah, there's the "Wedding March" at last; here they come! [Bride and Bridegroom pass slowly down central passage, recognising their friends at hazard; several are left unnoticed with their elaborately prepared smile wasting its sweetness on the bride's brothers. A young man, rather negligently dressed, who has been standing behind Mrs. RIPPLEBROOK, the whole time, forces his way to the front.

The Y. M. (to himself). She shall see me—if she has the courage to meet my eye after her conduct!

The Bride. What, Mr. OLDSLOVE? I'd no idea you were in town! We shall see you presently, I hope. [She passes on, leaving the Y. M. to think of all the scathing replies he might have made.

An Old Maid (weeping in the Gallery; she has got in as "the Bridegroom's Aunt," a character in which she attends every wedding). Poor young things!—to think of all the troubles before them!

Bridegroom's Friends. Pretty wedding, wasn't it?

Bride's Friends. Not a pretty wedding, was it?

IN THE CARRIAGE.

Bridegroom (finding the silence embarrassing). Hope they'll give us time enough to change, and all that. Horrid bore if we missed our train and had to wait!

Bride. Oh, if you are going to find everything a bore already!

Bridegroom. Well, isn't it?

[Silence returns.]

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Presents laid out; Guests wandering round, keeping a furtive look-out for their own offerings, and feeling deeply incensed if they are not prominently displayed. Others consult the congratulatory telegrams as though they were of European interest. A Detective, noticeable by his sumptuous get-up and his uneasy bearing, watches the jewellery. Short-sighted Old Gentleman (friend of the Bride's) approaches, and, misled by Detective's festive attire, takes him for the Bridegroom.

The S. O. G. (with emotion). This is a great responsibility you have undertaken to-day, Sir. I hope you will be—ah—worthy of it. Det. (professionally sensitive). Thank you; but it's not the first time I've undertaken such a job, not by a very long way.

The S. O. G. (moving off aghast). This is dreadful!—they can't know! How many times, and where are they all now? Oh, someone ought to speak to her mother! I would myself—only—

[Goes in search of some champagne.]

The Bride's Mother (to Guest). So kind of you to remember my girl, and to send her that charming—(she suddenly forgets whether she is speaking to the donor of the nineteenth carriage-clock, or the fifteenth ash-slice)—that charming—er—(mumble)—quite the prettiest—er—(mumble)—I ever saw. But you always have such taste.

[Mild surprise of Guest, conscious of having presented, in despair, a plated toast-rack of unpretentious design.]

Mr. Oldglove (who has come on after all—bitterly, to the Bride). All I can wish you, Mrs.—(choking)—Mrs. PILBERGILT, is that you may be as happy as—as you deserve!

The Bride (sweetly). Thanks awfully. That's the prettiest thing I've had said to me yet! (To Neighbour.) Oh, Mr. CASHLEY, how am I to thank you?—that lovely plate-warmer! [Mr. O. retires baffled, and contemplates committing suicide with a piece of wedding-cake.]

IN THE CARRIAGE.

The Bridegroom. Well, that's over!

Bride (icily). I wish you would contrive not to fidget so!

Bridegroom. When a fellow has about a stone and a half of rice down the back of his neck, it makes him rather restless. What are all the chappies staring at us for? I'm sure we don't look as newly-married as all that!

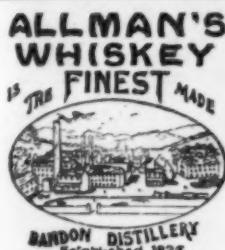
Bride (complacently). You would not notice such trifles; but EULALIE has really surpassed herself over my going-away dress.

Bridegroom. No, by Jove, I'm hanged if it's that!

Bride. Perhaps you think you are the attraction?

Bridegroom. Spotted it as we passed that shop-window. I say—or ALDINIA, I'm not joking—really I'm not! There's a beast of a white satin slipper on the roof of the brougham!!

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